Two rival heavens-on-earth have been put on the market whose protagonists hurl abuse at one another, and are only united in despising whoever will not admit the momentousness of their rivalry. Many attempts have been made to define the conflict between them. Mr. Wyndham Lewis, for instance, sees it as a clash between nationalism and internationalism;[15] others have demonstrated that it is between Christianity and atheism, dictatorship and democracy, capitalism and communism, tyranny and freedom, bourgeoisie and proletariat. Even the nomenclature used is uncertain, Left and Right, Fascist and anti-Fascist, meaning one thing at one moment and another at another; and to add to the confusion, the two factions have tended to range themselves behind two existent regimes, the U.S.S.R. and the Third Reich, and have therefore felt bound to justify the acts of the one, whatever they may be, and to abhor these of the other, whatever they may be. Since, in practice, these acts have borne a marked and increasing resemblance to one another, the lot of their rival admirers and detractors has been hard indeed, and was made appreciably harder by the German-Soviet Pact, surprisingly concluded in 1939. When a Rothschild was spoiled of his possessions in Vienna, socialists must complain; patriots found their hearts glowing when British ships were bombed off the coast of Spain, and fulminators against imperialism groaned when Gibraltar was threatened; the extermination by Stalin of his revolutionary associates caused those who most disapproved of the deceased's

activities when alive, to complain, and won delighted approval from those whose heroes they once were.

Yet it would be misleading to conclude from this confusion that the conflict itself has no reality. It expresses a deep cleavage of opinion, a deep discord between two expressions of the same spirit of romantic materialism—a Brave New World[16] and a

[15] See *Left Wings Over Europe* and *Count Your Dead—They Are Alive.*

[16] In his novel of this name Mr. Aldous Huxley expressed the feeling of horror which the prospects of a scientific Utopia inspired in him; and during his next phase, when he was full of admiration for D. H. Lawrence and his